

E. Dickerman

NO 44.

FOR THE TWO WEEKS ENDING FRIDAY DECEMBER 24 1858

VOL. 1

TO ONE IN HEAVEN

If, in the solemn stillness of this eve,
 Some spectral shade should start from yonder
 dark wall,
 And whisper in my willing ear, "Believe!
 Have faith, you shall be answered—call;
 Whom should I call? I would not raise
 the pall
 That hides the future, and to the dim past,
 When e'er I turn my spirit can but grieve!
 Should I call thee? my spirit shrinks aghast
 At the impious thought, and locks my senses fast.

 Call thee? Alas! I would not pain the band,
 The angel-band who call these sister—no!
 Thou from thy home in that bright mystic land
 Send'st white-winged memories to assuage
 the woe
 That racks my heart, with ceaseless ebb and
 flow,
 And teach me patience, love and constancy;
 Yet could'st thou come and take my thin,
 wan hand,
 And whisper with thine olden voice to me,
 I would renounce the world and go to Heaven
 with thee!

Oh angel-love, from thine infinity
 Couldst thou but wander back to me again,
 And greet me in thy, lover humanity,
 And lay your cheek to mine, 'twould cause
 me pain
 To hold thee thus, and I could scarce refrain
 From telling thee how lonely I have been,
 How I have longed to dare eternity,
 How long the days and years have seemed
 since-when?
 But what are days or years to thee? what were
 they then?

What were they then? A short, bright, blissful dream;
A doubtful dream, which hope scarce dared to say
Would be fulfilled—a momentary gleam
(O coming joy! live up life's little day;
And thou, all eager, soared from earth away
Forgetting all her pleasures—forgetting—me?)
I'll hope not; then, when I must cross the stream
I shall have courage. Oh, the thought will be
My strength and shield, that I may dwell in
Heaven with thee.

But now, existence is with thee no past,
 No future diim to haunt thee with its fear,
 But an eternal present that shall live as
 'Till joy is dead in Heaven, and sorrow here!
 I wept hot tears when I stood by thy bier—
 Grief held a horrid revel in my brain,
 And sorrow's pall was o'er my spirit cast,
 Forgetting God, Heaven, all, but thee and pain,
 even, in my madness, wished thee here again.

Mary, each hour, up thro' immensity
My thoughts are wandering, and many a
prayer
Starts upward from my heart to God and there,
Starts ever, ay, but do ye hear them there,
Or do they sink with sin or waste in air?
Almighty God, oh, be my sins forgiven—
Thou, angel, best beloved, strive thou for me,
Then I'll not faint, tho' to and fro I'm driven,
But strong in faith I'll fight my way thro' sin to
Heaven.

Mr Editor—For some time I have not been impressed to inflict any communication on the columns of your paper, but quite recently, thoughts and ideas have been maturing within the interior of my mental organization with such pertinacity and perseverance; as to cause me strongly to suspect the instrument is being played upon by some ministering and invisible agent, and for the purpose of applying the only effective remedy, I concluded to sit down, unbar the gates and let them out; when I became most vividly 'impressed' with the following:

MENTAL VISION.

I perceive standing near a human being whose form is the beau-ideal of beauty and perfection, enveloped in a translucent atmosphere of love and harmony. His countenance beams upon me with a sympathetic, magnetic influence, which seems to whisper to the interior of my being, 'peace,' be still, mark well the lesson of instruction about being imparted to you.

I now perceive three other persons in the distance, as they approach my mento, immediately impressed me that they were newly-arrived, Spirits, come for the purpose of being clothed in their appropriate atmosphere. The first was a negro, (who had suffered a lifetime in Slavery,) apparent strong and muscular with a beautiful and symmetrically developed physical organization. In other respects possessing the leading characteristics of the African race. He approached us with a shy and reserved expression of countenance, not unlike a criminal, and a look of distrust. The second, had been a slaveholder, and therefore of this black man's race. The third was a young Irish Slaveholder, a prominent leader among the Garrisonians, and of still more ready help.

in priesthood I am astonished at their singularity, of contour presented by those two persons, both possessing large, broad, well-formed physical frames, "impressing" the mind with the idea of Herculean strength, with a corpulence and rotundity of body well becoming the most fastidious Alderman. Each stood forth with the confidence, and self-importance peculiar to their respective stations: over and above the slaveholder, would glance a malignant look at his companion, as much as to say, "tyranny is too good for you, which is returned by the other as much as to say, a halter would be the most appropriate method of choking you into a due appreciation of the principle of justice. My attention is now directed to the Negro, his form gradually becomes more erect, his exterior assumes a lighter aspect, until it shines with a most vivid metallic luster, his countenance more confident and dignified; until he finally stands forth in the full stature of a man, clothed in an atmosphere of angelic splendor. On his head appears the words, Light, and Liberty, in letters of living light. The inquiry of astonishment depicted on his countenance, was immediately responded to by my Mentor, by saying: "On earth you were coerced to take physical exercise sufficient to throw off all animality, leaving the system healthful and pure. Your aspirations for Light, and Liberty, has ideally daguerotyped them upon your mind. You are now free to the attractive influence of your own specific atmosphere." With a smile of thankfulness upon his brilliant countenance he gradually ascended without effort toward the beautiful land, designated on his standard, the atmospheres of his own choice. Next in order of change came the Slaveholder, a dim halo of light enveloped his whole form which results in showing the natural proportions of the body, of a flimsy, pearly whiteness, devoid of all brilliancy; whilst the redundancy proved to be a dark offensive mass of animality, in which was being bred, all manner of insects, and disgusting reptiles. The intellectual portion of the brain appears quite light, contrasted with the moral and physical, over which there seemed to be thrown a dark Ethiopian shade. The most prominent feature of the whole, is the word Slavery, written and stamped upon the forehead in black letters, which seemed to have been cut out of the natural skin of the Negro. He now seems fully to realize his countenance the picture of despair queries, reveal this; which, we immediately perceived

"On earth, you sought through the medium of Slavery the gratification and surfeit of all your animal passions and desires, which you obtained, in which you wrote your own inscription, on your own banner. You will now gratify to the dim atmosphere of Slavery, whither that banner which you bear, - will prove a sure guide, and sufficient passport." The transformation, or robing of the Priest, corresponded in most respects with the Slaveholder, except the intellect - and moral portion of the brain emitted far more light, of a dingy color, devoid of all brilliancy; and in addition to the word Slavery; the term Anti- was prefixed to it in letters of like sombre color; a closer inspection revealed to my view several other inscriptions, in smaller though quite legible characters, Anti-Church, Anti-State, Anti-Bible, Anti-Whisky, Anti-Tobacco, Anti-Constitution, Anti-Religion, Anti-Democrat, Anti-Forefathers publican, Anti-Democrat; Anti-Forefathers etc., etc., The highly developed condition of his intellectual and moral faculties soon

condition in which he finds himself placed, Chagrin, and despair, could find no utterance, and he stood as fixed, and dimmoveable, as a marble statue, in which position the speaker kindly addressed him. "Whilst in the material form, you sought, and as you thought, found evil in everything; which you manfully opposed in every form in which it presented itself to you; this naturally threw you into a negative position. Anti-Everything, especially Slavery, hence you have written this as the main motto on your banner" whereupon the listener slowly walked off in the opposite direction to that taken by the Slaveholder; and was soon lost sight of in the distance. I stood as one transfixed with astonishment and wonder, pondering upon this strange scene presented to my mental vision, when my instructor again turned upon me the same sympathetic countenance and psychologically impressed upon the thought organs of my mind the following:

LECTURE II. *on the* *new*
Moral, seldom admitted, permitted for one in your sphere to witness a scene like this. What you have beheld is the ideal representation of positive reality. God is light, the focal point whence comes all principle which more or less pervade every particle of nature in the wide domain of nature. Where

every you find matter, there you can behold the manifestation of principles which are but a part and parcel of God; hence God is everywhere. Principles manifest themselves in change of form and condition of matter. Change is the evidence of the eternal law of progression. Progression moves on in the exact ratio of its propelling power, attraction, affinity and love.

Man is a miniature representative of Deity, possessed of a spiritual nature, in which is implanted a scintillation of light from God, constituting him a never-ending individual entity, and is to his own system what God is to universe. Aspiration is the direction of the propelling power. If it is for Light and Liberty, progress is made in that direction, by calling into action all the powers of the system which end in that direction, with an eternal vigilance, (their standard price) thereby developing, and strengthening the organization by healthful exercise. Remember! aspiration calls into action those powers and those only, which are necessary to obtain the point aspired to. If directed to the attainment of wealth, ease, and animal gratification, as in the case of the Slaveholder, through the medium of others' labor, the physical, moral, and spiritual powers not being called upon, remain quiescent and inactive. Hence he could look no higher, nor see anything brighter, than the black word, Slavery. Your astonishment, on beholding the marked similarity between the Slavery, and the Anti-Slavery man, will cease, when you become thoroughly acquainted with these Physiological and Psychological laws by which it was wrought. Priests like slaveholders aspire to luxurious living, exemption from physical exercise, and as pertinaciously require, all the menial offices to their ease and comfort, should be performed by white servants, or others, as does the slaveholder require it, at the hands of the African. Both claim their slaves are but paying them for their care and protection, the one in the necessities of life, the other in preaching the Gospel of peace and non-resistance; by contending against the Devil, Evil, Slavery, or some other imaginary phantom, the creation of undeveloped mind. You observed the Priest took the opposite direction from the Slaveholder, yet on the same level, on the plea of antagonism to Slavery, "No union with Slaveholders." In accordance with nature's orbicular arrangement, the two will of necessity meet, Slavery, to Anti Slavery, as two traveling on the plane of the earth's surface in exactly opposite directions, would meet on the opposite point of the circle; and on the same plane. Mortal! meditate on the lesson imparted to you and learn wisdom. As long as your aspiration soars no higher than to ~~see~~ your attention, where the light of God as yet shines dimly, the light within you will remain dim. The stream will hardly rise above the fountain. Let, then, your aspiration, be for Universal Liberty, for that pure light, which is ever being handed down from the brilliant spiritual Sun of the universe, through the medium of the spirits of just men made perfect, then, and not till then, will the scintillation or germ within you unfold, and progress; and continue to progress, until you become a planet of the first magnitude, emitting a light that cannot be hid, and aid in dispelling the darkness of Slavery. In conclusion, you herein can but behold the world wide difference, between contending for Liberty, and placing yourself antagonistic to Slavery. S. W. CORNELL.

MAN, WHAT IS THY MISSION?
Were you born of woman and suffered, by an overruling Providence to exist for the purpose of plotting the downfall of thy fellow man? Were you gifted with intellectual endowments, together with privileges of cultivation which should fit you for more noble purposes than to become a curse to your self and a nuisance to the public; were you placed here by your heavenly father with your tongue for an instrument to go about planting seeds of discord and dissension, to be sown? If this be your understanding, you are sadly mistaken; and be assured ye to whom, this will apply that the good seed sown before you shall be reaped by another and the tares shall be ripe for your own harvest.

The God of nature never designed that we should apply the faculties he has given us to the retrogression of the world; but that we should be the builders of it and propelling the mighty theory he has presented to us. Many of us have investigated it, and found it what it purports to be and are formative followers of this great truth. But fewer there are in which any primitive change is perceptible. There are those that are outwardly spiritualists, but on a closer examination are found to be inequitable at heart. It has become an established idea with some, that spirits are to

to reform the world, and they have nothing to do but sit and see it done. But, alas, they are in a state of oblivion. It is required of every mortal, that they make an effort and sacrifice something in order that they secure a future and lasting enjoyment. We believe it to be the duty of every person to sacrifice such indulgences as are not required, to make them comfortable, especially those that are injurious to the body and mind. It is an old adage, and a very true one, that "a tree is known by the fruit it bears." Skeptics say, "If the doctrine of spiritualism is so grand and influential, why do not we see the effects of its exerting influence in the demeanor of its pursuers." We have heard it remarked by spiritualists that it was a matter of little consequence how they conducted in this world, as they should have all eternity to make reparation. But it is our opinion it will be as difficult for us to progress in the other world as it is in this, for as a man dies so shall he live. That we shall have the same difficulties to encounter in our own series of progression there that we have here, is an undoubted fact. We believe it to be the duty of every individual to live according to the dictates of his own conscience, and the spirit within him. If a man disobey the laws of God, he must be scensible of it, and the remorse of his own conscience may prevent a second disruption of the same. We believe it to be the mission of man to assist in reforming the world; and by so doing, he may prepare himself for eternal progression and happiness in the spirit world. If we perceive the errors of our neighbors, it is not our duty to conceal from the community all his good transactions, and lay before them all his errors; and by so doing exaggerate them in the greatest possible way.

“But it is the duty of every individual” when he beholds the errors of another to repair immediately to him, and in a brotherly manner inform him wherein he has deviated from the right and, what means he may retract and reform. If the world were of this opinion, we are sure that no discord or inharmony would exist. Christ says, “As ye would that others should do unto you; do ye even so unto them, and inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me.”

For the World's Paper]
WAY-SIDE GATHERINGS.
 Tiffin, Nov. 23, 1858.

DEAR EDITOR:—I came to this place yesterday, and found the people handsome, intelligent, sociable, and aspiring: Like all other places, I find the old sectarian walls crumbling and the spirit of universal brotherhood deeply seated in the hearts of the people of this place. Our beautiful philosophy is fast diffusing itself through the intelligence of this catholic city.

Last night, after the sun had hid his face behind the western horizon, and the dark mantle of night covered the fair face of our little earth, and the tramp of busy feet was silenced till another day; at the east side of the city I heard a bell, which I was told meant that the Catholic God would be worshipped in the building where the bell was ringing. Feeling glad to see God worshipped according to every man's ideal, Dr. Graham and myself walked up to the large brick building which we entered, and found a large assembly engaged in their devotions. We went forward and took a seat in a corner near the altar. Close by where we sat, the priest, in a white robe, ornamented all over the back and front with flowing red, pink and yellow silk cords, with a long train upon the platform, and on the lower step behind him, stood a boy in devotional regimentals, with a bell. The priest bowed and bowed; and muttered, first to the altar, and then to the people, and the boy rung the bell to let the people know when to disfigure their faces, bow and bang their heads like a weeping willow. I was amused to see men and women, old and young, as they entered the door of this cathedral, cast a furtive sidelong, solemn, holy look toward the priest and altar; bow and cross themselves; then approach a large basin of holy water, and dip their fingers into it, and cross the breast and forehead. Several altars with holy candles, lighted on them, and holy priests at them, were in different parts of the Cathedral. I was particularly amused to see people as they knelt about the altar. In this spacious building are no less than four confessional boxes, in each of which a priest who holds his confessional in the middle of the box, can hear the people confess their sins through the hole in the middle of the box. These confessionalists are the priests, who have power and dominion. The priest that first occupied the box when we performed, perhaps half an hour before we entered, was a black man, and when he left the confessor, another, similarly decked out, entered, accompanied by a holding his hands out to receive the sins of the people.

train. The little urchin performed his part of the worship to admiration, with the most antic smiles and nods. At this point there came a man with a huge sword in his hand, and a broad sword between his shoulder and a sword dangling at his side, to help the priest. This is devotional worship in the Catholic Church.

I would speak of this "worship contemptuously," and pronounce it all a delusion, did I not look back and find its cause deeply seated in the nature of man, and could I forget the great truth, that these idolatrous worshippers, (so called,) are human beings like myself, created by the same God and upheld by the same power. As I view, this great cathedral, its crypt, its high altar, its beautiful pulpit all covered over with apostles, dragons, saints, warriors, friars, angels, devils, popes and imps, beautifully carved, and its hideous hissing serpents, then cast my eye upon that devoted woman as she kneels down, beside the confessional box, and placing her mouth close to the hole, which opens to the ear of the priest, with a handkerchief at each side of her face to prevent others from hearing the secret she is pouring into the ear of the priest, my soul learns an important lesson. It teaches me the universality of God. I have heard these worshippers called idolaters, and have attached the epithet to them hundreds of times myself, but why did I do it? It was because I was born and educated to believe my religion was better than theirs. Then many, not angels, who stand high above me, look down with contempt and charge me with idolatry! Oh, then, let me, however far advanced, learn that none are perfect, and not look with contempt upon any condition of human development.

Sandusky City, Nov. 26:

I reached this city this morning; and, met a hearty welcome from a large number of happy friends, who are untiring in their efforts to render themselves, the most useful to the great cause of humanity. What a blessing would be handed down to the generation which is to follow us, if all would look to the beautiful flowings of modern inspiration, as do the people of Sandusky. Humanity must learn that constant inspiration is necessary for its health and progress. Man can only be said to have developed the plane of spirituality, when his heart revolves harmoniously around the centre of all truth. After leaving Sandusky, I journeyed a long way westward on the iron horse, to the city of Adrian, where again I was warmly greeted by a number of friends whose memory eternity can never wipe from my mind, and the good deeds which they are daily doing in the cause of the down-trodden and suffering, shall stand as monuments to their glory in the great day of eternity.

Bryan, Nov. 29.

This is called the "Fountain City" and is probably one of the most enterprising and flourishing towns of the West. Taking an outside view of things, we would say that nature has been partial in her distribution of blessings. While other towns are dying of thirst, Bryan is blessed with a fountain at every corner of her streets, and every cottage is richly supplied with a beautiful fresh stream of mother earth's "blood," where its inmates can bathe, wash, and quench their thirst, and greatly improve their physical and moral health. Oh, that people would learn that earth's "body and blood" is the great *purifier*, instead of the "rot-gut" that our Rev. soul-savers are dealing out as a substitute for "Christ's blood." Bryan, beyond a question, is destined to be one of the empire-towns of the West. Nature has not only physically, but spiritually blessed the place. Purer and nobler hearts than are found in Bryan, never swelled the breast of man.

Fremont, Dec. 1.
To-day I have reached the place of my residence, where I expect to rest for a few days; then I start for the West. Every day's experience gives me new courage to press my way onward through [taking an outside view] the world of conflicting opinions. But I view it from the standpoint of the internal, all is harmony and order. A philosophical view of all things must invariably bring the viewer to the conclusion that the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and therefore it is all sheer vanity for us to attempt to alter his affairs, or better his works. My next tour is westward.

Truly Yours,
E. B. LOUDEN.

THE QUESTION OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

In the World's Paper, of Oct. 15, I am highly gratified to find that Mr. London has responded to some of my interrogatories. I am respecting the assertion that "whatever is, is right," but I am not so assured, or convinced of its absolute truth yet. I do not anticipate that I should be able to do more than to "show that I am not wrong," and I am not prepared to "show that I am right."

this question for the purpose of controversy, but solely to elicit truth, to learn.

It has been a great and a bewildering problem with me, to reconcile the "almost universally admitted" attributes of God, with the facts of our existence, and I confess my inability to solve it.

Admitting the premises, upon which Mr. Londen bases his arguments, that God is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient, and all good pure and holy, it would seem perfectly conclusive that there is "no room" for evil to exist, were it not for the fact that evil *does* exist in the world. The theory seems in that contradiction of the facts. Perhaps friend Londen will say with the Irishman, "so much the worse for the facts then!" But I prefer facts to theories, for they are substantial and "substantial things," and "God writes his law in facts, in solid orbs, in living souls."

If man were a mere machine, wholly controlled by a superior power, if he were the instrument of a blind fatality with no power to control his own actions, then I can conceive that all human deeds are in accordance with the infinite plan of the Creator, and therefore right. But I believe that man has a power to control his own actions to a certain degree, and that he has the power to, and *does* not counter to his own well-being and the welfare of the race.

I believe it is wrong, for any individual to perpetrate any deed that injures himself or any fellow-creature. If it is not, will friend Loudon inform me why we have to suffer so severe a penalty for the violation of every law of our being? If all human actions are right, what is the use of the phrenological organ of Conscientiousness? It seems to me to be wholly unnecessary if there is no distinction of right and wrong, yea more, it is superfluous. Friend Loudon says, "all are not organized alike and all cannot act alike." But will he say that it is *right* for an individual who is almost devoid of the moral sentiments, or whose animal propensities greatly predominate, to act out his brutish nature and trample upon the rights of humanity? Does an individual's organization justify all his acts, in the scale of eternal justice?

Because man is born with a murderous organization, is it right for him to murder? If so then away with all civil laws for the protection of life and property, away with all moral codes prohibiting the free exercise of the brutal passions, let mankind run riot in fleshly lusts and trample upon and destroy each other.

Will you for a moment relinquish your generalizing process of reasoning and come point-blank to the issue, and inform me if the late tragical affair in N. Y., was right? By what code of ethics, or by what standard of justice, can you sanction such a murderous assault upon inoffensive, and unsuspecting victims of brutal violence? Is it *right* for mankind to ignore or disobey the dictates of reason, and conscience, and give loose reins to the animal propensities, gratifying them to satiety? If so, then let us banish all moral restraints and allow mankind to obey the blind impulsive of the passions, causing anarchy and every species of immorality to reign in the place of established order and righteousness. Friend Louden, let us make a personal application of your theory. Do you believe that Orthodox creeds and dogmas are right? If so, why do you so valiantly oppose them. Do you believe that slavery, the oppression of Woman, and every form of injustice and to which tyrants resort; to 'enthral mankind, and deprive them of their God-given rights and prerogatives, is right. If so how do you reconcile the palpable discrepancy between your theory and practice.

I will not urge these interrogatories farther at present;—my only object, as I have previously intimated, is to gain knowledge upon this abstruse question, and to learn if possible, how to reconcile the alleged attributes of God, with man's condition. In this condition of mind, I have no pet theory to defend, but am earnestly seeking for truth, however much it may clash with preconceived ideas.

D. C.

A priest said to a peasant, whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Should think I was," replied the clodhopper, "as I feeds myself and you teaches me."

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength, as when he respects woman's weakness.

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

The old fog theologians are now at work their praying machines in the order, that they may do good business in the universal praying match, to some effect the first of April next, for the conversion of the world.

Poetry.

TO MY OWN DEAR MOTHER.
Mother, thy voice has reached mine ear
Although no sound is heard.
From the outer world around me near,
Yet the kind and gentle word
Like the tone of an angel, fell, mother
On my heart with care oppress'd,
And a prayer to God I raised, mother,
That your noble heart be blest.
Since, from its deep affection
You'll bid your child go forth
On mercy's wing, protection,
And strive to bless the earth.
Few mothers thus are willing
To let their loved ones go,
While scandal fools are selling
Their hearts to earthly woe.
I'm thankful oh, my mother
That thou hast learned to see
A heart with christian virtues
From selfishness is free.
And willing as the savior
To meet all worldly scorn
If only hearts in darkness bred
To light and love be born.
Thy mother's strong devotion
Has not the weaker made,
Because thou fearst never
To trust thy child alone,
On the bounding waves of earth-life
Away from home and thee,
Ah, no, my own dear mother,
Thou hast trusted God and me.
And never shall my footsteps
From virtue's flowery way
Be tempted toward the vice path,
Amid its thorns to stray.
Since thou in God art trusting
And in thine earthly child;
I'll try to be most faithful,
Forgiving, gentle, mild.
And when we meet in Heaven,
Mine own loved mother dear
Thine eyes shall see the crown wreath
Of virtue that I'll wear.
And on thy brow, my mother
Mine eyes shall then behold
Rich diadems of beauty,
More bright than purest gold.
For every earthly sacrifice
Which thou hast made below,
A pearl of purest splendor
From out thy crown shall glow.
Then let us labor ever
For the weary and the lone,
And our Father's hand will give us
Rewards for work well done.
M. S. TOWNSEND.

A CARD.

To the patrons and readers of the **WORLD'S PAPER**:
Circumstances beyond our control, rendered it necessary for us to withdraw our names as publishers of that sheet, much to our regret at the time; yet, the prospect seems to be brightening, and we are able to say to our former friends and patrons that as the last number of the **World's Paper** is now before them, they will be served for the remainder of the time for which they have subscribed, with "The Green Mountain Sibyl," to be issued by Messrs. Estabrook & Abbott, early in January next.
Those who are indebted to us for the **World's Paper**, will forward the amount to **ESTABROOK & ABBOTT**, publishers of the "Sibyl," Sandusky, Vt.
Our sincere thanks are due those true and tried friends who have stood by us in the hour of trial, when the popular world seemed to have forsaken us.

Mr. & Mrs. A. C. ESTABROOK,
Sandusky, Vt. Dec. 28, 1858.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SIBYL.

A first class literary and reformatory newspaper, published weekly, at Sandusky, Vt., by
ESTABROOK & ABBOTT,
editors and proprietors.

PROSPECTUS.

Early in January, 1859, the subscribers will commence the publication of a first class family paper, with the above title. The **SIBYL** will be devoted to human progress, to the protection and development of all that is beautiful and true in sentiment, to the exposure of all that is false and erroneous, to its rich and attractive miscellany giving it a distinctive character that can hardly fail to adapt itself to the highest wants of humanity.
The philosophy of Spiritualism will be advocated and explained by the ablest minds of the age, in its columns; a very few of the most brilliant reformatory writers will constantly contribute to our columns, and we are confident, from our knowledge of the wants of the human family, that the **SIBYL** cannot fail to make its readers wiser, better and hap-

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The World's Paper.

ETERNAL JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE!
DAN'L TARBELL, JR., Editor.
Sandusky Vt. Friday, Dec. 24, 1858.

The Crisis.

A sifting time is evidently begun. Never since human events have made a mark in the annals of history, was there more real evidence that there was to be a great and important change. In every light considered, we must unavoidably experience in the next few years such a revolution as never before. That confidence, which, in former years, has blended Families, Societies, Churches, Political bodies, States and nations together, is destroyed. The bands that once were strong are now like ropes of sand, and the human mind is being individualized for some order of existence higher than has ever been realized. We do not, in this communication, to our readers, intend to give our opinion of the more particular manner of government or mode of life, but simply to present some views that seem to be called for by what has appeared under the editorial head of the *Spiritual Age* of Dec. 11 and 18. I agree with the editor of that sheet so far as relates to the certainty of change, but so far as relates to his views of the spiritualists, I must from him differ.

I have been a believer and an investigator for several years. I have occupied such a position in life that my opportunities for investigation have been good. I have devoted my hours of leisure from business to the examination of this cause in all its ramifications and departments. I have become acquainted with a large proportion of spiritualists, both in the country and city. I have, also, thousands of times been addressed in public and private by spirit friends. These addresses have come to me, or have been given to me by raps, tipping, writing, speaking and signs. I have been at all times during this investigation and cause of instruction, perfectly sane and free, as I believe, from drunkenness, madness, mental delinquency, and as capable to judge of what evidence is, and what it is not, as nine in every ten persons in the community; with these conditions of my competency as a witness in the case now on trial before the human mind, I testify as follows; if our aspirations are high and our lives as they should be, we never should, to us, attract low and mischievous persons in the spirit land, but in all cases high and elevated persons that at all times give us instruction, and if needed would make us better men and women in society, happier and healthier.

There is nothing in the instruction that has ever come to my notice, least degrading, licentious or unwise, but superior, condescending to give at all times the best reasons for what they require or request, and here I want the privilege to enter my protest against the sentiments presented by Randolph by A. B. Newton and many others. Their calculations are based upon a misunderstanding of the fundamental elements of the philosophy of spiritualism, and they will not in their present position be sustained.

In all my acquaintance, so far as spiritualism has had any effect, it has made me much better, rather than worse, and I, as one, don't care to be impeached in connection with my friends by a rash statement by some disaffected would-be leader in the ranks. Spiritualists in this state, as a people, are industrious, intelligent, peaceable moral citizens, and would not suffer by comparison with any other class of christians that can be found. If it is a crime for people to do their own thinking, their own preaching, their own writing, perhaps there may be a few who would be mouth pieces for those counted as a criminal class. If it is true, however, that spiritualists by the instruction they have received have abandoned many habits that to unenlightened minds would be called simple and wrong, but it must be recollected that ignorance is the cause of all evil, and a misnomer from such minds can be expected. If for one will not except the verdict from the darkened, unenlightened minds as to what is right, I choose to judge for myself, asking and invoking all the wisdom possible from the higher life. I will not allow the pulpits of the press to speak for me to follow. That is what has cursed the human world over, and hindered their progress in elevation and truth. If spiritualism is, on trial before the jury of public opinion, and that jury is composed from long established prejudices, then I take an appeal from their verdict to a higher court. I will constantly keep the public mind in possession of the knowledge I have gained, and as Allen said, "I will retreat to the caves in the mountains, and there fight all humanity before I will acknowledge a wrong that I can not see."

The following is a true copy of a conversation with C. Paine and a few persons who were present last week.

Brother, more days are coming, and brighter, your faith we know runs entirely low. But ours runs higher and higher. Where you think the cause is doing best it is doing worst.

Ques. You mean then to stop all meetings do you?

Ans. Suspend them until they are tired of hanging between the heavens and earth.

Ques. What will be the result.

Ans. The result will be that spiritualists will be ashamed of themselves, and thoroughly begin like men to work.

Q. What do you wish to have us do different from what we have done.

A. By these presents all men ought to know, that they ought bear equally the burden in the heat of the day. In short, abolish your uniformed & useless troops, who only parade in the sunshine, while the militia are bearing the burdens of war.

Q. Do you mean that we should have no organization at all, or that we should dispense with the showy and superficial, and organize the militia in a better condition.

Ans. Concert of action is absolutely necessary to the carrying out of any object of importance. We are organized in our action, you must be. We mean that the system of organized Favoritism must be supplanted by the system of united action and sincerity.

By far the greater share of those who ostentatiously work in the cause of spiritualism, are probing the heart of society to obtain wealth or fame—and even the reputed daughters of Eve are more *marish* than men themselves if possible. The sifting process will point out those who have itching ears for flattery and uneasy fingers for manum.

C. PAINE.

Convocation at Sandusky.

In pursuance to the call, the friends met and elected D. Tarbell, Jr., chairman for the occasion.

The word "Organization" was the text for the deliberation of the meeting.

Various documents were read, and the subject was discussed at great length. The discussion was participated in by most of those present, and by our invisible friends, through mediums. At the close of the discussion, Saturday evening, a vote was taken as to whether an organization was necessary, and the vote was unanimous in the affirmative.

A committee was then appointed to frame something that would meet the expression of the meeting, and present the same for consideration—that production, we append to this report for the inspection of those who were not with us, and is now open for action at any future meeting.

Sunday we had a public meeting. It was opened by prayer, followed by a discourse through a young man by the name of Randall, from Mass.; who spoke in an unconscious trance. In the afternoon, the first discourse was delivered through Mrs. Pratt, and the second through Mr. Randall. All the speaking seemed to satisfy the audience. Sunday eve we were highly entertained by listening to a dialogue between intelligent spirits, through Mr. Randall, and Mrs. Brown.

The meeting adjourned to Bridgewater, (at such time and place as the friends in that vicinity shall appoint) for the purpose of further considering the subject of organization for the purpose of better arranging meetings in the State, &c.

ORGANIZATION.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to associate ourselves together, as individuals, to accept or reject any doctrine that in our judgment may be right or wrong, for the purpose of rendering pecuniary and influential aid to such instruments as we, as social members, may deem worthy subjects of support, and whose labor, in our associated opinion, shall be devoted to the furtherance of truth and the evident relief of humanity.

Article I. We, whose names are hereunto written, agree to pay such sums of money from time to time, as we, as individuals, may feel it our duty to pay for the relief of suffering or the furtherance of truth.

Art. II. We hereby agree to appoint M. Town of

Town of Sandusky, as Trustees to collect, and safely keep all such moneys, for the several objects above expressed, and at all times be ready to pay over all such moneys, when directed by such persons as the society shall direct.

Art. III. No Speaker, Physician, or other person, shall ever be paid more than three cents per line for advertising, and no more than one dollar for a single discourse delivered, and all collections taken up at any meeting shall go to the associations for the objects specified above, and the Speaker shall have no interest in the same. Nothing in this constitution shall be construed as depriving the public the right to provide fire or provisions for the comfort of the servants.

Art. IV. The Trustees shall keep a strict account of all moneys received, entering the name of the person or the occasion, who presented such money and shall report the receipts and payments as often as once each year by publishing the same in some public paper of the State, and at all times keep the book open for the inspection of the members and for none others.

Art. V. Any member may under the foregoing rules direct or dictate the appropriation of as much money as he or she may have paid in, if the same shall not be less than five dollars.

Art. VI. All Trustees and officers may be elected once a year by public call, (at least 30 days before such call,) in any paper published nearest such town, and all members shall be entitled to one vote in such election, such vote shall not require the personal attendance of the member but may be received through the mail or by messenger, over the signature and in the hand writing of the member, with one witness.

Art. VII. We hold ourselves free to alter or abolish this organization at any time when a majority of the members vote so to do.

Art. VIII. All officers, agents, or assistants shall be limited to the price of common laborers in tilling the soil for all services rendered, according to the time actually expended.

Bro. Newton: I wait most anxiously to see the answer to my letter. You seem to think you shall be able to satisfy all enlightened minds upon the subject. By implication as I read things, you seem to think my mind is dark. I am aware that your motto has ever been, that you had many things to give your readers, but they could not bear them yet. I wish you would run the risk just once, of giving your readers some of your strong meat. For my part, I think what has come from your pen has been weaker than milk, as much as half water at least. I hope you will abandon the idea that your readers are all in their babyhood. You are mistaken.

I was intending to dissect some of your productions in this number; but seeing your note of last week, wait expecting my dark eyes will dazzle looking at the beauty, brilliancy and profundity of the production. Don't fiddle faddle if you write to me.

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